For Ages 5-7

THE HONEST WOODCUTTER

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The Honest Woodcutter

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Printed in Australia
First Edition: 2026

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Published by: **iCAN Sama-O-Basr Publications (iCANpublications.com.au)**

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Once there was a kind woodcutter named Abdullah. He lived with his family in a small house in a quiet village.

Abdullah and his family did not have much, but they were thankful for everything Allah had given them. Abdullah loved Allah with all his heart and always tried to do what pleased Him.

Every morning, Abdullah woke up early. He made wudu, then prayed to Allah with a peaceful heart. After his prayer, he spent a little time reading the Qur'an before eating a small piece of bread.

Then he picked up his old iron axe, smiled, and whispered, "Bismillah." He knew that when he remembered Allah, his day began in the best way.

Before leaving each morning, Abdullah kissed his children's foreheads and smiled at his wife.

"Allah will always make a way for us," he would say.

The walk to the forest was long, but Abdullah never felt lonely. As he walked, he remembered Allah with dhikr and asked Him to put barakah in his day, so everything he did would be full of goodness. He loved these peaceful morning walks.

When he reached the trees, he whispered, "Bismillah," before he began cutting wood. Abdullah wanted every coin he earned to be halal, so he always worked honestly and never cheated anyone.

Some days, Abdullah's back and hands hurt after chopping wood for many hours. But he did not complain. He remembered that Allah loves those who have sabr—people who stay patient, keep trying, and trust Allah even when life is hard. So Abdullah took a deep breath and kept working with a thankful heart.

One day, he was cutting wood beside a river. The ground was wet and muddy. Abdullah lifted his old iron axe and swung it at a big log.

Crack!

The log split in two, but at the very same moment, his foot slipped on the muddy ground.

"Ah!" cried Abdullah. His old iron axe flew out of his hands and landed in the deep river with a great SPLASH!

Abdullah looked at the river with a worried heart. His old iron axe was gone. It was the only tool he had to cut wood and earn money for his family.

"How will I look after my children now?" he wondered.

Abdullah sat quietly on the riverbank and raised his hands to make du'a, asking Allah for help.

"O Allah, You are the Best Provider. Please help me through this hard time," he prayed.

Tears filled Abdullah's eyes as he watched the fast-moving river. But he did not become angry or lose hope. He trusted that Allah was always caring for him and would make a way, even if he could not see it yet.

After a little while, an elderly traveller named Hassan came walking by. He leaned on a wooden stick as he smiled at Abdullah.

"As-salamu 'alaykum (Peace be upon you)," Hassan greeted him. "Why do you look so sad?"

Abdullah sighed. "Wa 'alaykum as-salam. My old iron axe fell into the river," he said. "It was my only axe. Without it, I cannot cut wood to take care of my family."

Hassan nodded kindly. Then he picked up a long branch and carefully searched in the deep water.

After a few moments, he lifted something shiny high into the air. It was a beautiful golden axe!

"Is this your axe?" Hassan asked, holding up the shining golden axe.

Abdullah's eyes grew wide. It was the most beautiful axe he had ever seen! But he shook his head. "No," he said. "By Allah, it is not mine."

Hassan smiled and searched the river again. This time, he lifted out a bright silver axe.

"Is this one yours?" he asked.
Abdullah shook his head again. "No. My axe is only an old iron one."

Hassan reached into the water one last time. Then he pulled out an old iron axe with a worn wooden handle. Abdullah's face lit up with joy. "Alhamdulillah!" he said happily. "Yes! This is my axe!"

Hassan placed the old iron axe back into Abdullah's hands.

Hassan smiled. "Because you told the truth, you may keep your own iron axe. And these golden and silver axes are my gifts to you."

Abdullah held the three axes carefully. His heart was full of joy.

"Alhamdulillah!" he whispered. "All rizq—everything we are given—comes from Allah." Abdullah thanked Hassan with a big smile and hurried home to share the wonderful news with his family.

Before long, everyone in the village had heard what had happened.

But not everyone was happy.

A man named Karim became jealous. "If Abdullah got a golden axe," he muttered to himself, "then I'll get one too!"

Karim hurried to the river with a plan. He threw his own axe into the water on purpose. Then he sat on the riverbank and pretended to be sad.

Before long, Hassan came walking by again. "What is wrong?" he asked kindly.

"My axe fell into the river!" Karim complained. Hassan picked up a long branch and searched in the water. After a few moments, he lifted out a beautiful golden axe.

"Is this your axe?" he asked.

"Yes!" Karim answered quickly, without even thinking. But as he uttered these words, the golden axe converted into a worn-out iron one.

Hassan's face became serious.

"A believer always tells the truth," he said gently. "A believer is happy for others and does not become greedy or jealous. Being honest is worth far more than gold. Because you did not tell the truth, you cannot have a reward."

Karim hung his head. He felt sorry for what he had done.

He asked Allah SWT to forgive him and promised, "I will never lie, cheat, or be greedy again."

From that day on, the people in the village remembered:

Honesty brings Allah's blessings, but greed brings loss.

Abdullah continued to earn an honest living, always trusting Allah. Karim also changed. He worked hard, told the truth, and thanked Allah for helping him become a better person. Everyone in the village remembered that honesty brings Allah's blessings.

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